

The background of the entire image is a rustic autumn scene. It features a dark, weathered wooden wall. In the foreground, there is a wooden plank surface. On this surface, there are several orange pumpkins of different sizes. A large, dark, broom-like object made of dried sticks is leaning against the wall. Next to it is a dark, textured vase containing dried grass. The ground is covered with dry straw and leaves.

*Spanky's  
Magical Haven  
Magazine*

*Samhain Issue  
2021*



Welcome to the final issue of Spanky's Magical Haven Magazine...Samhain Issue 2021!

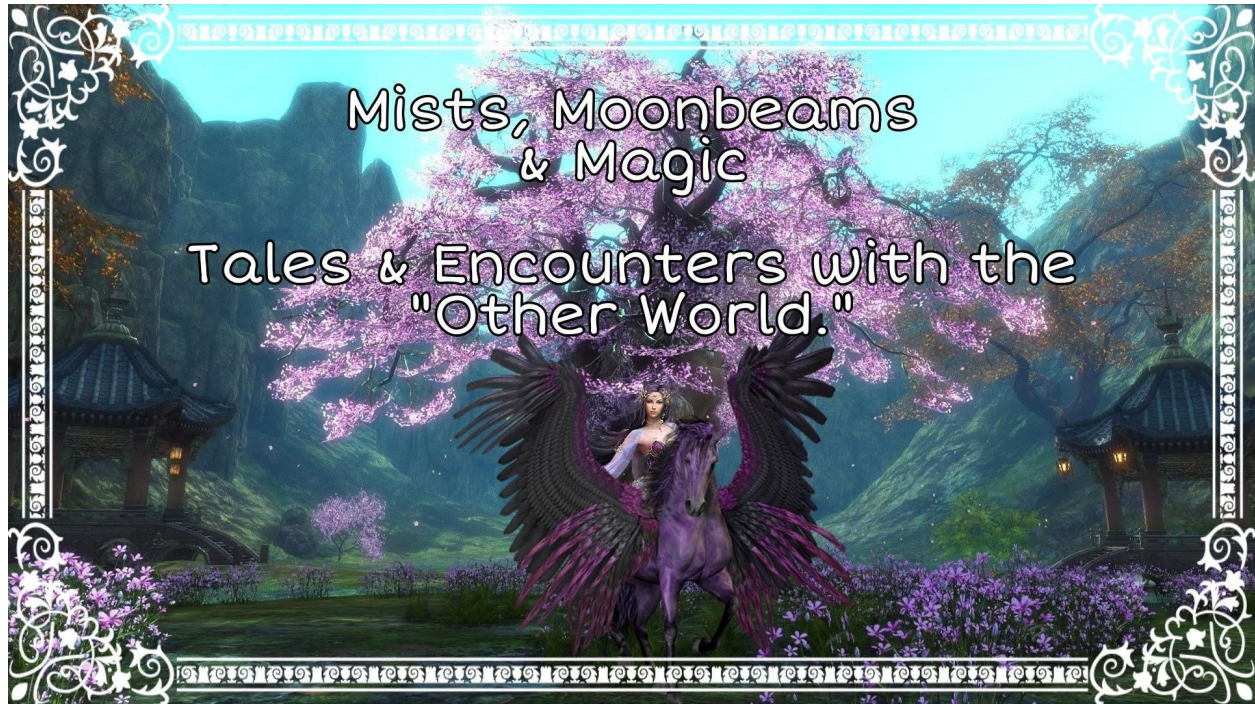
My hooman and I are sorry to leave this magical world of the mystical and mesmerizing and we've had a good run but lack of interest doesn't contribute to meaningful usage of one's time.

Enjoy this jam packed issue and remember...issues will always be in archive here:

[https://archive.org/details/@spanky\\_smagicalhaven](https://archive.org/details/@spanky_smagicalhaven)

Thank you all, for your readership. Mommy and I appreciate it!





## The Bestwood Lodge

By: Jeane Trend-Hill

For many years I have been staying at a beautiful old hotel, The Bestwood Lodge in Nottingham UK; it's a former hunting lodge which even warrants a mention in the Doomsday book and was given to Nell Gwyn by King Charles the second. The present lodge dates back to the late 1700s and both staff and guests have seen and heard spooky goings on over the years and I have often witnessed lights turning themselves off and on, things being moved and bumps in the night.

On one of my first trips there I awoke to hear a horse and carriage on gravel and the call of the horseman. The carriage stopped and the horses were stomping on the ground and making some noise. I got up to look out of the window but there was nothing there. I mentioned it to one of the staff the following morning and discovered I wasn't the only one who had reported hearing a phantom carriage! Originally there had been a gravel drive where coaches pulled up and I have since seen some old photographs depicting this.

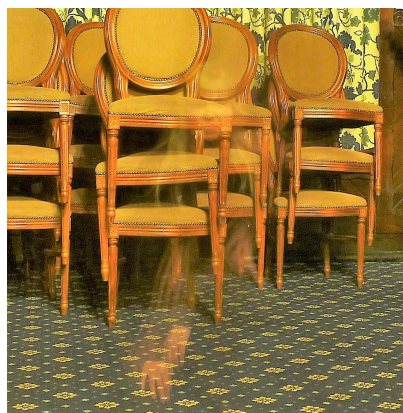
Once when I was sitting in the bar area and noticed a mist forming in one corner by the door leading to the terrace. The outline of a man, an old soldier appeared. He had lost an eye.

On another visit just after Christmas in 2017 I had a late night and kicked my boots off when I returned to my room before getting ready for bed. I got up the next morning and after my shower I put my boots on. I hunted around and couldn't find them - they were neatly arranged at the other side of the bed (the side I didn't use) not where I had kicked them off by the window. I came to the conclusion there must be a tidy ghost around. I made sure after that my shoes and boots were always placed neatly by my case and there they remained!

Around 1992 the bar area had high back chesterfield sofas. I loved to sit there and admire the architecture, being a fan of interesting and unusual buildings. When I sat on the sofa to the left of the entrance, I always felt a bit uncomfortable, like I couldn't put my back to the sofa. I was sitting there one day and I heard 'You are sitting in my seat'. I had only been drinking a soft drink so couldn't blame it on excessive amounts of G&T! When I turned around, I saw a faint outline of a man sitting at a desk in that corner and the name 'Aubrey' came to me. I moved seats and all was well. I rarely sit in that corner now but if I do, I feel it's ok because he seems to know that I love the hotel as much as he did. I did a bit of checking and from a photo I believe he is William Amelius 'Aubrey' De Vere Beauclerk who commissioned the building of the current Lodge.

The lodge has a chapel which was a former meeting hall for servants. I wandered around one evening and took a couple of photos. It was empty apart from me, I didn't look at the photos until I got home. I was amazed to see a sort of swirl and what looks like hands. I have no explanation for it. The hands are not mine as I was holding the camera and wearing rings.

I have never felt bothered by the spirits there as I believe they like the place so much, they continue to hang around and perhaps 'show' themselves to others with a love of the place too.





In An Elven Realm...

Written/Composed by: Greenlee Robertsdottir (Andrea Dean Van Scoyoc) of Nighean  
Music 2021

I walk by a stream with ancient feet in a forest of Fae  
Little do I feel like I've ever been away  
In dreams I've traveled by sky and by shore  
Never far from home, but where I've never gone before

Never gone before...

When the shade of dusk blankets the land  
And the light of Faith fills the night  
In a world of wonderment do your hopes take flight  
When magic is in one's heart with power in the mind

Just close your eyes and leave reality behind

Join in the might of the roar of the realm

Where only the strong survive at the blast of life's helm

Where battles are won before they ever start

Where spells of winter's past call only to the bravest of heart...





An Olde English Memory...

By: Rev. Patricia Hutchings

As a young girl, while growing up in England, I observed the mixing of herbs, roots and flowers to make healing potions that my Grandmother gladly shared with anyone in need.

I was amazed at the healing powers of things that are around us; some not so pleasant smelling like a mustard poultice for chest congestion my grandfather suffered every year.

My Grandfather also suffered from bronchitis so...there was my Grandmother in the kitchen cooking up this smelly yet powerful concoction to put on his chest and... and in no time at all he was feeling so much better.

I watched and learned as people would come to the house asking for help. The bomb shelter my Grandfather built was the storehouse for all the recipes, as it was nice and cold to preserve everything.

Once, while jumping, I'd broken my ankle and wore a cast, but never I never felt lots of pain

One day I could not walk...it felt like I'd broken it all over again.

My Grandmother whipped up 3 egg whites, put them in a muslin rape and said, "Don't walk on it. Just let it rest."

My foot was wrapped in the egg whites and elevated with no movement for 24 hours.

"This is a potion for bone damage. The egg white will penetrate down to the bone and heal your foot and tomorrow you will be fine."

I was and was able to walk with no pain.

Of course, the biggest thing is believing it will work with the power of Mind, Body & Spirit.



